Number Two.

Billy Green

WILD DICK

AND

GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

Third Edition.

Boston:
PUBLISHED BY FORD AND DAMRELL,
TEMPERANCE PRESS, WILSON'S LANE.

1833.

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TO THE READER.

A VERY few weeks only have gone by, since I requested you to read Number One. It is probable that you have complied with my request; for the publishers inform me they are already at work upon the ninth edition, and have been requested, by the friends of temperance, in the state of New York, to permit them to strike off one hundred thousand copies for gratuitous distribution.

I have been cheered, by the assurance of some highly intelligent and benevolent individuals, that Number One has been productive of good. I wrote it for that end, and sent it forth into the world, with a prayer to that effect. I thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that he has vouchsafed his blessing upon these humble labors.

I now respectfully present Number Two for your perusal. It has been objected to Number

One, that the language, in which it is written, is above the level of certain capacities; and that farmer Johnson does not talk precisely in a farmer-like style. The same objection may, with equal propriety, be made to Number Two. But it must be remembered, that these stories are not intended for *little children* alone, nor by any means exclusively for uneducated persons. There are many, *of mature age*, *excellent capacity*, and *highly educated*, whom we would persuade to *become as little children*, and profit by that instruction, which these tales are designed to supply.

We are apt to over-graduate the change, between our present seasons and the corresponding seasons of our youth, forgetting that Thomson's description of an English spring, by which so many of us have been fairly transported, in our childhood, over the sea, is, after all, the genuine spring, which lives in our early recollections. It appears to me, that we have been occasionally misled, in a somewhat similar manner, in the preparation of books designed for certain classes of our fellow-countrymen. Under a monarchy, it is of importance to keep up the *Chinese wall of distinction* between the

rich and the poor. When a simple commoner, by his prodigious wealth, or colossal, intellectual power, *distinguishes himself*, he is taken over the wall, and transformed into a lord, lest he should furnish an inconvenient exception to the general rule. Knowledge and ignorance, refinement and vulgarity, under such a form of government, are placed and retained in the most striking contradistinction to each other. Societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, are gradually demolishing the barrier. Until very lately, however, a convention of all the American children, of seven years old, would have rejected, by an overwhelming vote, as beneath their capacity, a very large proportion of all the little volumes, prepared for the mechanics and peasantry of England. It is not easy to perceive, even in works designed for children alone, the utility of broken English; nor of a mean and meagre phraseology in those, intended for the majority of the people. There are many sensible remarks, having a bearing on this subject, in Pope's ironical examination of the comparative merits of the pastorals of Phillips and his own. To be sure, it would not be expedient to make a farmer talk like a met-

aphysician, nor a rough child of the ocean like an accomplished divine.

I cannot believe that a hard word, occurring once, or even twice, in a little work of this kind, is likely to be productive of harm. No human creature understands the pleasure of overcoming the difficulties, which lie in his path, more thoroughly than a New England farmer; and, even if a hard word should lie across the furrow, he will not only be enabled to turn it out, with the assistance of Noah Webster's patent plough, but he will be the better pleased with the fruit of his toil, for the labor it may cost him.

WILD DICK

AND

GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

Richard Wild and Robert Little were born on two pleasantly situated homesteads, that bounded on each other. Their parents, though differing essentially in their habits of life, were good neighbors. There were but a few weeks' difference between the ages of these children, and they grew up from their cradles, with the strongest attachment for each other. I have seen Robert, a hundred times, in the fine mornings and evenings of summer, sitting on a particular rock, at the bottom of his father's garden, with his dipper of bread and milk; not tasting a mouthful, till Richard came and sat down, with his dipper,

at his side. They teetered together on a board, placed over the boundary wall. As they grew a little older, they snared blue jays and trapped striped squirrels in company; and all their toys and fishing tackle were common property.

I have often thought there was something in the name, which a boy acquires at school. Richard Wild, and Robert Little, who was smaller of stature, were called, by their schoolfellows, wild Dick and good little Robin. Robert Little was truly a good boy, and he was blessed with worthy parents, who brought him up in the fear of God, and who not only taught him the principles of piety and virtue, but led him along in those pleasant paths, by their own continual example in life and practice. Richard Wild was not so fortunate. His father and mother paid less respect to the Sabbath day; and, although, as I have said, the parents of both these children were good neighbors, and exchanged a variety of kind offices with each other, in the course of a long year; yet there were some subjects upon

which they very frequently conversed, and never agreed. The most interesting of all these topics of discussion was the temperance reform. Farmer Little was a member of the society, and, in his plain, sensible way, by his own excellent example, not more than by his counsel, within the circle of his little neighborhood, one of its valuable advocates. Farmer Wild was opposed to it, in preaching and in practice. He was opposed to it chiefly because it was "*a sectarian thing*." He preached against it on all occasions, at the mill and the smithy, the town hall and the grocery store; but he was particularly eloquent upon training days, when the pail of punch was nearly drunk out; for he was not one of those, who preach and never practice. At that time, he was not esteemed an intemperate man. To be sure, he was frequently in the habit of taking enough, to make his tongue run faster than usual, and to light up, in his heart, a feeling of universal philanthropy; which invariably subsided after a good night's rest. Farmer Wild's wife derived a great deal of comfort from a

cheering glass. It was particularly grateful on washing days; and she soon became convinced, that it tasted quite as well, on any other day of the week. There was a time, when she was unwilling that her neighbors should become acquainted with this disposition for liquor. She was then in the habit of indulging herself in the frequent use of tea, at all hours of the day. She kept it, in constant readiness, on the upper shelf of the pantry closet. Upon a certain day, little Dick was taken so suddenly and seriously ill, that his father went for Dr. Diver. The child was unable to stand, and was so drowsy and sick at his stomach, that the family were fearful he had been poisoned; and the more so, as he had been seen, in the earlier part of the day, playing before the apothecary's shop. Dr. Diver had recently procured a stomach-pump; and, as he was quite willing to try it, the experiment was immediately and successfully made, upon the stomach of little Dick, who was speedily relieved of rather more than half a pint of strong milk punch. He stoutly denied, with

tears in his eyes, that he had ever tasted a drop of any such thing; but finally confessed, that he had been sucking tea, as he had often seen his mother do, from the nose of her teapot, upon the upper shelf. Farmer Wild, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, took down the teapot, and examined its contents, when the whole matter was easily unravelled. The farmer scolded his wife, for her habit of drinking punch in the morning; and she scolded her husband, for his habit of drinking rum, at all hours of the day. The presence of Dr. Diver appeared to have little influence, in abating the violence, or softening the acrimony of the family quarrel; and little Dick was quite willing to be spared, by both parents, though at the expense of a broil between themselves. As soon as Dr. Diver had carefully wiped and put up his stomach-pump, he took his leave, cautioning little Dick to avoid taking his tea so strong for the future. The doctor was not only a skilful physician but a prudent man. It is fortunate for the peace of every village in the land,

that doctors are generally aware, that the acquisition of extensive practice depends, in no small degree, upon their ability to hear, see, and say nothing. A village doctor is the depository of a great many contrary stories, which, like the contrary winds, contained in the bag, presented by Æolus to Ulysses, would operate sadly to his disadvantage, if he should suffer them to get loose. The bosom of a physician should resemble the old lion's den in the fable, into which many strange things were seen to enter, but from whence none ever returned.

It need not be stated, that farmer Wild and his wife were getting into a bad way, and that Richard was not likely to be benefited by the example of his parents. Pride will frequently operate when all higher and holier motive will not. Vicious inclinations are often restrained, in the presence of those, whom we fancy ignorant of our besetting sins. Thus it was with farmer Wild and his wife. The domestic explosion, produced by the affair of the teapot, had completely broken the ice, as it were; and, from that moment, neither

the husband nor the wife adopted any private courses, for the gratification of their appetite for liquor. The farmer used gin, and rum was the favorite beverage of his wife. Their respective jugs were regularly carried by little Dick, and brought home filled, from the grog-shop. Dicky always calculated on the sugar, at the bottom of his father's glass; and his mother never failed to reward him with a taste of her own, if he went and came quick with the jug. Richard, who knew nothing of the evil consequences of drinking spirit, saving from his experience with the stomach-pump, had offered, more than once, a portion of that, which he had received from his parents, to Robert Little, who always refused it, and told Richard, that it was wrong to drink it. But Richard replied, that his father and mother drank it every day, and therefore it could not be wrong. "Besides," said he, "father and mother are always so good-natured and funny when they drink it; and, after a while, they get cross and scold, and when they drink it again, they fall asleep, and it's all over." Robert, as

good little boys are apt to do, told his father and mother all that Richard had said to him. Mr. Little had observed for some time, that farmer Wild was neglecting his farm, and getting behind hand; and, after talking the matter over with his own good wife, he came to the conclusion, that it was his duty to seek a fair opportunity, and have a friendly and earnest conversation with his old neighbor, on the fatal tendency of his habits of life. "I shall have relieved my mind, and done my duty to an old friend," said he, "if my efforts should produce no good." He availed himself accordingly of the first fair occasion, which presented itself, on the following Sabbath, after meeting.—His counsel was of no avail; and he was grieved to find, by an increased violence of manner, and an apparent regardlessness of public opinion, that his poor neighbor Wild was farther gone than he had supposed. His irritability of temper had sadly increased, and Mr. Little was shocked to find, that he could not converse on the subject, without using profane and violent language. The next

morning he sent in a few shillings, which he owed Mr. Little, with a short message by Richard, that he believed they were now even. Robert came in, shortly after, weeping bitterly, and saying that Richard's father had forbidden their playing or even speaking together any more, and had threatened to flog Richard soundly, if he dared to disobey. However painful to Robert, Mr. Little did not consider this prohibition so great an evil. Richard Wild, though of a very affectionate temper, under the influence of his father and mother was becoming a bad boy. He was not over nine years of age, and had already acquired the name of the little tippler; and had been suspected, upon more than one occasion, of being light-fingered. Farmer Little's wife, however, could never speak of those early days, when Richard used to bring his dipper of milk, and sit upon the rock with Robert, at the bottom of the garden, without putting her apron to her eyes. Robert would often look wistfully at Richard, as he passed, and nod to him through the window; and

Richard would return it in the same manner, after he had satisfied himself, that neither his father nor mother was observing him. Dick, with all his failings, was a generous boy. A portion of his apples and nuts was frequently seen, in the morning, under Robert's window, where he had placed them over night, not daring to venture over in the day time. Nevertheless, he was becoming daily an object of increasing dislike, through the whole village. Although there were some who pitied the poor boy, and thought his parents much more to blame, through whose example he had undoubtedly acquired that ruinous relish for ardent spirit; yet the villagers generally considered the whole family as a nuisance, and likely, before long, to come upon the town. Squire Hawk, the chairman of the selectmen, who kept the grog-shop in front of the meeting-house, concluding that farmer Wild was completely down at heel, and had no more money, refused to let him have any more liquor at his store, and proposed to post him, as a common drunkard. But Deacon

Squeak, who kept the dram-shop at the corner of the road that leads to the grave yard, knew something more of poor Wild's affairs, and observed, that it would be hard to do so, on account of his family; he knew from his own experience, that a little liquor was, now and then a help to any man. It was soon known over the village, that farmer Wild had conveyed the last remnant of his little property, a small piece of meadow land, to Deacon Squeak, to be paid for in *groceries*, at his store. Poor Wild, with the assistance of his wife and little Dick, soon drank out the meadow land. The Deacon himself was then perfectly satisfied, that it was a gone case. Richard Wild and Temperance Wild, his wife, were forthwith posted as common drunkards; and all persons "*of sober lives and conversations*," who sold rum in the village of Tippletown, were forbidden to furnish them with ardent spirits any longer. The means of subsistence were now entirely gone, and their removal to the workhouse was a matter of course. It was haying time, and little

Dick was permitted to earn his victuals, by helping the hay-makers. They soon detected him in getting behind the hay-cocks, and drinking the rum from their jugs; and accordingly little Dick got a sound thrashing, and was driven out of the field; for these hay-makers were so far inclined to promote the cause of temperance, that they would not permit any persons, but themselves, to drink up their rum.

Poor Dick! he cut a wretched figure, as he went whimpering along the road, rubbing his red eyes upon his ragged sleeve. He spent that day in strolling about farmer Little's woodland and orchard, in the hope of meeting Robert. But he was unsuccessful; and, at night, he went, crying and supperless, to bed, in the farmer's barn. He slid down from the hay-mow, before daylight, and resolved to quit a place, where he had neither father, nor mother, nor friend, to whom he could look for protection and support. The day was just dawning, as he came out of the barn: his path lay close to the cottage of farmer Little; he laid a small parcel on the door stone, and passed rapidly

on. The parcel was found there, by the first person, who came out in the morning : it was a top, which Robert had lent him a great while before. It was wrapped up in a piece of paper, on the corner of which was written, "*Good bye, Robert.*" Before he quitted the village, Dick turned aside, for a moment, to give a last look at his father's cottage. It was untenanted, and the person, into whose hands it had fallen, had barred up the doors and windows, so that Dick could not get in ; but, through a broken pane, he looked into the vacant room, where he had passed so much of his short life. He looked over the wall of the little garden, now filled with weeds. As he was turning away, he felt something move against his leg, and, looking down, he saw the old cat, that still clung to her accustomed haunts. She purred to and fro at his feet, and looked up in his face. Poor Dick was certain she knew him, and he burst into tears. She followed him a little way up the lane, and then returned slowly to the cottage.

"It was a bonny day in June," as the poet

says, but the darkest in the short pilgrimage of little Dick. The birds sang delightfully, as if to mock the poor fellow's misery ; and the copious showers of the night had varnished every leaf in the wood. The sun had scarcely arisen, and the villagers of Tippletown had not yet bethought themselves of their morning drams, before little Dick had fairly cleared the boundary line ; and, upon a rock, on the eminence, which overlooks the village, he sat down to look back upon it, to take a little rest, and to cry it out. To be sure, he had walked only four miles, but he had slept little, and eaten nothing, for many hours ; and he fairly cried himself to sleep. He had slept nearly an hour, when he was awakened by a shake of the shoulder. He awoke in no little alarm, but became more composed, upon seeing before him a stranger, in a sailor's dress, with a good-natured face, and a pack upon his shoulders. "A hard hammock, my lad," said he "if you have been turning in here for the night." Dick told him his whole story, and concluded by saying that he had eaten nothing, for many

hours. "Now, my lad," said the sailor; "you should have told me this first," and, overhauling his pack, he pulled out plenty of bread and cheese, and bade Dick help himself, which he did, without being pressed a second time. When he had finished, "Look ye here," said the man of the sea. "If you have been lying to me, you have done it with an honest looking face; but, if, as you say, your father and mother have got into workhouse dock, and there's nobody to give ye a lift, what say ye to a sailor's life, eh? I've been home to see my old mother, some fifty miles back, and to leave her something to keep her along; and I'm now getting down again, for another cruise. Now, if you like it, I'll take ye under convoy. You're no bigger than a marlin spike, to be sure, but the best tars begin when they are boys. Well," continued he, strapping on his pack, and taking up his hickory stick, "what say you, my lad, yes or no?" Dick accepted the proposal, and away they trudged; the sailor relating, by the way, a hundred tales calculated to stir the landsman's heart.

Let us cast back a look upon Tippletown. On the day, when the top and the farewell message were found upon farmer Little's door stone, Robert was sent home sick from school, with a message from the schoolma'am, that he had cried the whole morning. Even farmer Little and his wife were deeply affected at the little incident. Day passed after day, and it was commonly believed that Dick had run off. In about six months his father died of the dropsy, and his mother soon followed, of consumption; and both were buried from the workhouse in the drunkard's grave.

A year had gone by, and nothing had been heard of Dick. In the month of June, a mariner stopped to rest, at the tavern in Tippletown, on his way to visit his relations, in another state. He inquired if a family, by the name of Wild, lived in that village, and was informed, that the parents had died in the workhouse, and the son was supposed to have run off. He then related his adventure with little Dick, for this was the very sailor, who took him to sea. "A smart little fellow

he was," said he, "and if he had lived, there would not have been his better, in good time, to hand, reef, and steer, aboard any ship that swims. He was but eleven, and as smart as a steel trap." "Pray, sir," said the landlady, laying down her knitting, and taking off her glasses, "was Richard Wild lost at sea?" "Ay, ay, good wife," said the mariner, dashing the tear from his eye, with a hand as big and as brown as a leg of mutton half roasted; "lost at sea, off Cape Hatteras, in a gale that made the old ship crack again, and with the sky as black as midnight without moon. A sea, and a horrible sea it was, struck us on the quarter, and took the poor lad with it, together with Bob Gleason, the second mate. Bob, poor fellow, cried out lustily, and his shout, as he went over, was louder than the storm; but the cries of little Dick sunk into the hearts of the whole crew. The old boatswain, who had a fine voice, and was the life of the ship's company, refused to sing another song till we got into port." "And why, in the name of patience," cried the old landlady, whose spec-

tacles had fallen, in her excitement, into the spider, where she was cooking the sailor's breakfast, "why didn't you stop your vessel and take 'em in?" "Stop the whirlwind, goody?" replied the man of the sea, in a voice in which grief and anger were equally apparent; "you might as well ask your landlubber of a militia captain, strutting out yonder on the common, to countermarch a West India hurricane. Stop the old ship! Why I tell ye, old woman," raising his voice to the pitch of an angry bull, "I tell ye we were scudding, with a rag of a storm foresail, at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. Stop her with a vengeance! Why the old dragon of a ship was flying through the sea like a crazy shark. I could have jumped over after the poor boy, with a lighter heart than I can tell you the story; but I was at the wheel, goody, and, if I had let go, for an instant, we should have broached to, and then you would never have had the story from me. I bawled out loud enough: they heard me, I'll warrant ye; three hen-coops were torn from their lashings and thrown

overboard, sooner than you can say Jack Robinson." "Well, well," said the old woman, "I would have left my wheel any time, to save the life of the poor child." The sailor rose, and strapped on his pack, and took up his old stick. "Stop, sir," said the old woman; "your eggs are just done; I meant no offence by what I said; your breakfast will be on the table directly." "Not at all, goody," said he, as he threw down a five franc piece on the table; "no offence, but my stomach is full enough for to-day; your breakfast would stick in my hatches." The old salt walked out of the inn, without saying another word, and was soon out of sight of the villagers, who had crowded round the door.

The story soon spread over the village, and received a variety of commentaries, agreeably to the various impressions, left upon the minds of different persons, in relation to the subject of it. "There is an end of the devil's bird," said Squire Hawk. "It all comes of intemperance," said Deacon Squeak, as he nad just come from pouring twenty-one gal-

lons of pure water into a hogshead containing forty-two gallons of New England rum. There were some, however, who viewed the matter in a different light; and who were willing, now that he was gone, to admit that Dick was not a hard-hearted boy. Old Sukey, the cripple, said that he was a great rogue; "but there," said she, showing her crutch, "the little fellow made it for me, and I've used no other for three years." The news cast a gloom over the family of farmer Little. Robert, who first heard the tale, was scarcely able to relate it to his father and mother. The good man moralized very sensibly upon the subject; ran briefly over the history of poor Wild and his wife; admitted that Richard was a boy of good parts, and of an affectionate temper; and very properly ascribed his bad habits and untimely end to the example of his wretched parents.

In a few years, farmer Little found it convenient to employ a boy, upon his farm, instead of his own son, whom he had thoughts of putting under the care of Parson Jones, to be fitted for college. A neighbor had made

trial, for some time, of a lad, obtained at the House of Reformation; and the farmer had made up his mind to follow the example. He made application accordingly. In a short time, he received an answer from the directors, stating, that there was a boy in the institution, by the name of Isaac Lane, who was desirous of going on a farm, and whom they were willing to bind out, and could safely recommend. Farmer Little agreed to receive him, and a day was appointed to visit the city, for the purpose of executing the indentures. Before the period arrived, he received a letter from the directors, in the following words:—

BOSTON, *May* 23, 18—.

DEAR SIR:

A circumstance has occurred, of which it is proper to give you immediate notice. The lad, whom we were about to bind out to you, and who had appeared much gratified with the arrangement proposed, upon the statement of your name and residence, became exceedingly dejected and embarrassed, and finally communicated the following story to one of the directors. He says that his real

name is Richard Wild; that his parents are living, he believes, in your village; that he ran away four years ago, and was induced to go to sea by a sailor, who was particularly kind to him; that he was washed overboard in the Gulf Stream, in a gale of wind, and, seizing a hen-coop, that was thrown after him, was taken up the next morning, and finally brought into this port; that, not wishing to use his real name, he adopted that of the sailor, who carried him to sea. Under this name, he was sent to the House of Reformation, for tippling and stealing. He is willing to come into your employ, but thinks you will not be willing to receive him. You will do as you think proper. It is but an act of justice to this lad to say, that his conduct here has been exemplary, and he appears to us to have needed nothing, but the advantages of moral influence. He is in great favor with his fellows, not less than with the superintendent and directors. He has been two years in the institution. An early answer is requested.

Respectfully yours, &c.

The astonishment, produced by the reception of this letter, in the family of farmer Little, can easily be conceived. The course to be pursued became a subject for serious reflection with the farmer, who seldom had occasion to repent, at his leisure, of follies committed in haste. It scarcely need be stated, that Robert and his mother were strongly in favor of receiving Richard Wild, as one of the family. The next day farmer Little set forth for the city, to form an opinion for himself, after seeing the boy, and conversing with the directors. In two days he returned, with Richard Wild at his side, now no longer little Dick, but a tall stout boy, with an agreeable but rather sober expression of face. It was an interesting sight to witness the affectionate meeting between Richard Wild and Robert Little. The farmer admitted to his family, that he could scarcely have believed it possible, that so great a change could have been wrought in any boy, as appeared to have been produced in Richard, during his residence at the House of Reformation; and he expressed

himself highly gratified by the manner in which he had received the intelligence of the death of his parents. The continued exhibition of precept and example, at that excellent institution, for such a length of time, had broken the chain of evil habit; and given to this unfortunate and misguided boy a new departure, as the sailors say, for the voyage of life. "How very great," said farmer Little, "are the responsibilities of parents, for the influence of their example upon their children! And how can we be sufficiently grateful to those kind hearted men, who tread in the steps of their blessed master; who go about, doing good; who have built up such institutions as these; and who go up and down the streets of our great cities, snatching these brands from the burning!" "I consider the House of Reformation," said Parson Jones, who had heard of this remarkable event, and ridden over but too late, to see Richard, who had gone to his work; "I consider the House of Reformation," said this good man, "as a great moral machine. How remarkably does

this child appear to have been the object of Heaven's particular regard! He has been almost miraculously preserved upon the pathless waste of waters. He has not been permitted to perish in the midst of his wickedness; but, under the guidance of the father of the fatherless, he has been borne in safety to the shore. All things have worked together for his good. Even the very sins, which he committed, have conducted him to the place of safety and reformation."

The arrival of Richard Wild, in the village of Tippletown, was an event of no ordinary character. Many were eager to behold the child, that had been lost, and was found; and not a few, in whose minds curiosity and incredulity were blended together, were desirous of scrutinizing the little sinner, that was said to have repented. Accordingly, on Sabbath morning, all eyes were turned towards farmer Little's pew, to catch a glimpse of little Dick; and so universally striking was the change, not only in size, but in his air of manliness and the gravity of his deportment, that he went

by no other name, from that day, than Richard Wild. The wretched and ragged little runaway, flying barefooted from his native village, with his dirty clothes and crownless hat, had undergone, to all appearance, a complete transformation, within and without. He was now nearly fifteen years of age, and robust for his years. His ruddy complexion, well-washed face, and smooth dark hair, together with his blue jacket and trowsers, white collar and neat black riband, were indicative of cleanliness and health. After meeting, as farmer Little and his wife, with their daughter Abigail, were returning home, followed by Robert and Richard, when they had turned off the main road, into the by-way, that leads to the farm, they were called after by old Sukey, the cripple, who came hobbling behind them, as fast as leg and crutch could carry her. They paused for old Sukey to come up with them. "Now tell me," said she, "is it Richard Wild? I have kept my eyes on the boy, sinner that I am, the whole morning, but he has not lifted his own to give me a chance to see

if it was he, by the little cast that he had, you know." Richard shook hands with the zealous old creature, and no sooner raised his eyes upon her, than she exclaimed, "Oh yes, it is he; and you was not drowned, after all, was you, poor boy? You was always a good-hearted boy, Richard, and you see," said she, holding up the old crutch, "you see I have kept it, havn't I?" Richard was pained and pleased by the various recollections, associated with the circumstance, to which the old woman referred; and, with another cordial shake of the hand, and a promise to come and visit her at her old cottage, he bade her good bye, and followed the farmer and his family, who had advanced a little way before.

Richard continued to grow in favor with God and man. He gave farmer Little complete satisfaction, by his obedience, industry, and sobriety. He was permitted to cultivate a small patch of ground, on his own account; and the first money, which he obtained, by his diligence, was employed in procuring a plain gray slab, which he placed upon the spot, where

the sexton assured him his parents were buried; though nothing marked the place but the crowning sod. The inscription was wonderfully simple, and intended, not as an unmerited honor to the dead, but as a simple memorandum for himself. It was comprehended in five words, with his own initials, and ran thus: "My poor Father and Mother. R. W."

He was very kind to old Sukey, who was very poor, but who kept herself from dependence on the town for support, by her own industry, and the assistance of her daughter Margaret, who, with an old house dog, were the only tenants of the little low cottage, at the bend of the river.

It is now eighteen years since Richard returned to the village. Few villages, in the same number of years, have undergone such remarkable changes as Tippletown. It is changed in name and in nature. It is now called Waterville, and not a single license is granted within its bounds, for the sale of ardent spirit. It is hard, as the proverb saith, for an old dog to learn new tricks: Squire Hawk,

having been removed from the board of selectmen, and unable to obtain a license for the sale of rum, in that village, removed his residence to another; and, after keeping a grog-shop for a few years, died of the dropsy. We are grieved to say, that Deacon Squeak died a drunkard, and was buried from the poor house.

As you enter the village, over the great county road, you see, at a short distance from the public way, and on the westerly side of it, under the shade of some remarkable elms, two white houses with green blinds; they are precisely alike. One of them is the residence of the Reverend Robert Little, the present worthy minister; and the other is occupied by Richard Wild, Esquire, the chairman of the selectmen. These houses are on the very sites once occupied by the cottages in which "Wild Dick" and "Good Little Robin" were born. There is a beautiful summer house, tastefully covered with grape vines, lying midway between these dwellings, and which is obviously common to both. It is

constructed over the rock at the bottom of the garden, upon which, they used to convene with their dippers of bread and milk, some thirty years ago. Old farmer Little and his wife are yet living, or were in June last, and residing happily with their children. Their son, the clergyman, married an amiable young lady from a neighboring town. Abigail is married; not, as the reader supposes, and as the whole village had arranged it, to Richard Wild, but to a respectable farmer in the upper parish.

About eight years ago, the British consul published the following advertisement:—"*If Richard Wild, who, in the year* 18—, *was washed overboard from the ship George, off Cape Hatteras, be living, he is requested to give notice at the office of the British consul, in this city.*" Some person informed Richard of the publication. He accordingly presented himself at the consul's office, and was shown the copy of a will, in these words:—"I, Isaac Lane, now of the city of London, master mariner, having no near relation, do hereby give, devise and bequeath all my estate

in this world, to Richard Wild, formerly of Tippletown, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, in New England, and to his heirs forever, provided, as is barely possible, the said Richard be living, and claim this bequest within two years from my decease, otherwise to the use of Greenwich Hospital." Here followed the testamentary formalities. The consul then requested Richard to exhibit his right arm; upon which were seen pricked in, with India ink, an anchor with the initials, I. L.—R. W. He then put into his hands a letter from a barrister in London, referring to these particulars, and stating that the property amounted to not much less than £4,000 sterling, or rather more than $17,000, American money. The necessary arrangements were soon made; and little runaway Dick became an object of particular interest with the males, and even with some of the females of Tippletown, as Mr. Richard Wild, with a fortune of $17,000, and not a debt in the world; which is more than many a merchant can say of himself, though, with one eye closed upon

his debts, and the other open upon his credits, he may look down upon the clear estate of Mr. Wild, with infinite contempt. Squire Hawk had a very pretty daughter; and there was no man, in the village, more obsequious to Richard. Mr. Wild always treated the Squire with the respect, due to an older man, but he came no nearer. He had never crossed the fatal threshold of his shop, since his return. He considered Squire Hawk and the Deacon as the prime ministers of the ruin of his parents; but he did not presume, by any act of hostility to either, to assume the high office of him, to whom vengeance belongs. Shortly after this unexpected accession of property, Miss Hepsy Hawk astonished the parish with an expensive salmon-colored silk, and a new navarino; and she used to linger an unnecessary length of time, at the door of her father's pew, till Mr. Wild came down the aisle; and then she would go wriggling and fidgetting out by his side as close as she could decently get. But, after a while, finding that she could not attract his attention, she gave up the experiment,

contenting herself with remarking to all her acquaintances, that he was dreadfully cross-eyed.

Mr. Richard Wild managed his property with great discretion. His first act was to purchase the old homestead, on which he was born. He was particularly kind to the poor; and old Sukey Lamson, the cripple, came in for a full share of his beneficence. The villagers were very much surprised, at his kind attention, when he became overseer of the poor, to the old Deacon, who was then in the poor house. The mystery was easily explained,—Richard Wild was a Christian. It was rather remarkable, that the last fraction of the Deacon's estate should have been sold by him to Richard Wild, and that it should have been the very meadow land which, under circumstances painfully similar, had been sold by his father to the Deacon himself.

There was a prodigious stir in the village when Richard was married. Sukey, the cripple, was at the wedding, leaning on her old crutch, and with a new gown and kerchief; and nobody had a greater right to be there.

There was no little confusion and surprise, when, a few Sabbaths before, the Reverend Mr. Little published the bans of marriage, between Mr. Richard Wild and Miss Margaret Lamson. Margaret was a pious girl; and, if it were sinful to be pretty, no girl in the parish had more to answer for than Margaret Lamson; though she was altogether too poor to think of a navarino or a salmon-colored silk. I need not say, that Parson Little performed the marriage ceremony. When, after the service, he went up to congratulate old Sukey, "Ay," said she, holding up the old crutch, "he will always be a stay and a staff to me, and he always has been, and nobody knows it better than you, Robin—the Lord forgive me, but I am getting old, and can't help looking upon ye both, as my boys." The old woman is still living, at the age of eighty-nine. She retains her faculties surprisingly; and may be seen every morning, at the front chamber window of the Squire's house, with her knitting in her hands.

There is a common bond among all the vir-

tues: no truly good man was ever ungrateful: every year, Mr. Wild sends a fine cheese and a barrel of apples to the superintendent of the House of Reformation, not for their intrinsic value, but as a continuing mark of his grateful and affectionate respect.

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WILD DICK

AND

GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

Sold by the publishers, Ford and Damrell, at their Office, in Wilson's lane, near the U. S. Branch Bank, Boston, at 8 cents single, 62½ cents per dozen, $4 per hundred, $30 per thousand. Individuals or societies supplied with any number of copies at short notice.

Number one is entitled "My Mother's Gold Ring."